



man rang out all at once in the noise of the wind:

"Day of payment—day of payment!"

The unhappy man! In his anger he had no longer thought of it. And nevertheless he had long seen it coming, that terrible end of January. How many times, between two rendezvous, when his thoughts, from a moment from Sidonie, had returned to him, to the reality of life, how many times he had said: "That day will be the breaking up!" But like all those who live in the delirium of drunkenness, his own excess had made him believe that it was too late to repair anything and he had started again ever quickly and more strongly on his evil way, forgotten, or rather, himself.

At this hour, he had no longer the means to live him. He saw his disaster clearly, even to the bottom; and the dry and sullen face of Sigismund Plautus rose up before him with its lineaments cut by a stroke of death, no expression of which corrected the stiffness, and his Swiss German light eyes which, for some time past had pursued him with such an impulsive look.

Ah! well! No, no, he had them not, those hundred thousand francs, and he did not know where to get them. For six months past, to supply the ruinous fantasies of his mistress, he had played much, lost enormous sums. Besides that the failure of a banker, a miserable inventory! There no longer remained to him anything but the manufacturer, and in what a state!

Where should he go at present, and what should he do?

That which some hours before had seemed to him a chaos, a whirlwind in which he could see nothing distinctly and the confusion of which was still a hope for him, appeared to him at this moment with a frightful clearness. Empty safes, closed doors, protests, ruin. Behold what he perceived, on whatever side he turned. And as to all this was added the treason of Sidonie, the wretched man, dismayed, not knowing to what cling in this great shipwreck, uttered suddenly a cry of agony, a groan, like a call to some Providence.

"George, George, 'tis I! What is the matter with you?"

His wife was before him, his wife who now waited for him each night, waited anxiously for his return from the club, for she continued to believe that twice she had passed his evenings. On seeing her husband change, grow gloomier, little more than a day, Claire had fancied that he must have some heavy names trouble, without doubt from home, at play. She had been warned that he played much, and despite the indifference that he showed for her, she had felt disturbed for him, had wished that he would take her for a confidante, that he would give her occasion to show herself generous and tender. That night, she had heard him walking very late in his chamber. As her little daughter coughed much, claimed attention every moment, she had divided her solicitude between the suffering of the infant and that of her father; and she had remained there, her ear sharpened to every noise, in one of those compassionate and dolorous watches in which women gather up all that they have in themselves of courage to bear the heavy burden of multiplicity. At last the infant had fallen asleep, and on hearing its father weep, Claire had run to him.

Oh! when she saw her before him, so tender, so moved and so beautiful, what intense and tardy remorse seized him. Yes, she was the only true companion, the friend! How had he been able to abandon her? Long, long, he wept upon her shoulder without the power to speak. And it was well that he did not speak, for he would have told all her. The unfortunate had need of an effusion, an irresistible desire to accuse himself, to crave pardon, to diminish the weight of that remorse which was crushing his heart.

She spared him the pain of pronouncing a word:

"You have played, have you not?—you have lost—and much."

He made an affirmative sign; then, when he could speak, he avowed that he must have a hundred thousand francs for the day after the morrow, and that he did not know how to secure them.

She did not give him a reproof. She of those who in face of an evil think only of repairing it without the least reprimand. Besides, in the bottom of her heart, she blessed this disaster which drew him near to her again and became a bond between their two existences so separated for so long. She reflected a moment. Afterwards, with the effort of a decision which has cost much uneasiness to take:

"Nothing is yet lost," said she. "I will go to-morrow to Savigny to ask the money of grandfather."

Never had he dared, to speak of this to her. The thought of it even had not come to him. She was so proud, and the old Gardinot so hard. Twas certainly a great sacrifice that she was making for him, a proof of shining love that she was giving him. Suddenly he was usurped by that warmth of heart, that liveliness which comes after danger has passed over. Claire had not seen old Plautus, just the same as a few moments before, on leaving her dwelling, she had not seen the long overcoat of M. Chebe and the cocked hat of the illustrious Delibelle, two additional martyrs of the day of payment, turn each from one direction the corner of the Rue des Vieilles-Haudriettes, with the manufacturer and the poor man of Riser for object. The young wife was too greatly preoccupied with the step she had to take to look into the street.

Twink! It was frightful. To demand a hundred thousand francs of M. Gardinot, a man who boasted that he had never either borrowed or loaned a sou to his life, who related ever and anon that, one single time, having been obliged to ask his father for forty francs to purchase for himself a pair of pantaloons, he had paid back those forty francs in small sums. For everybody, even for his children, the old Gardinot followed those traditions of rapacity which the earth, the earth hard and often ingrateful to those who cultivate it, seems to teach to all the countrymen. Of his colossal fortune, the old fellow comprehended that, him living, nothing would pass to his family.

"They will find my wealth when I am dead," said he often.

Therefore on this principle, he had married his daughter, Madame Fromont the mother, without the least dowry, and later he could not pardon his son-in-law for having made a fortune without any assistance on his part. For twas further one of the peculiarities of that nature as vainglorious as interested, to wish that everybody should have need of him, should bow down before his money. When the Fromonts rejoiced in their presence at the happy turn that their affairs had commenced to take, his little blue eye, cunning and sharp, smiled ironically and he uttered an "all" that will be seen at the end," the intonation of which made one shiver. Sometimes also, in the evening, at Savigny, when the park, the avenues, the blue shades of the Chateau, the rosy bricks of the stables, the ponds, the pieces of water alone, bathed in the golden glow of a beautiful setting sun, this strange parvenu, after a look around, said aloud to his children:

"Day of payment—day of payment!"

#### REVELATIONS.

"Ah! here's Sigismund. How goes it, Pere Sigismund? Well, and business—is that going well with you?"

The old master snuffed with a goodnatured air, shook hands with the employee, with his wife, with his brother, and, while talking, gazed curiously around him. "Twas in a manufactory of wall-papers of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, that of the Prochasson, whose competition had commenced to become formidable. These former clerks of the house of Fromont, established on their own account, had started out in a very small way and had little by little made themselves a position in the city. Uncle Fromont had for a long time sustained them with his credit and his money, which had caused to spring up between the two houses

friendly relations and the balance of an account—ten or fifteen thousand francs—which they had neglected to settle definitely, because it was known that with the Prochasson the money was in good hands.

In truth the aspect of the manufacture was encouraging. The chimney smoke their plumes proudly. At the hollow din of work, one felt that the workers were fat and active. The buildings were in good order, the windows paneled, clean, everywhere had a look of quiet, of good humor, of discipline, and behind the entrance-hall grating the wife of one of the brothers, prettily dressed, her hair smooth as silk, seated elegantly upon her young son, was seated elegantly and absorbed in a long line of figures.

Within himself old Sigismund thought bitterly of the difference which existed between the house of Fromont, formerly so opulent, living no longer except on its ancient reputation, and the prosperity always growing of the establishment before his eyes. His searching look penetrated to the smallest corner, seeking for a defect, a point to criticize; and as he could find nothing, that made him sad, gave to his smile something false and veiled.

What embittered him most of all was the manner he should adopt for demanding the money of his employer, without letting the disorder of his finances be seen. The poor man had an easy, careless air which was truly painful. Business was getting on well—very well. He was passing in the quarter by chance, and had conceived the idea of coming in for a little while. "Twas very natural, was it not? One loves to see what he does?

That which some hours before had seemed to him a chaos, a whirlwind in which he could see nothing distinctly and the confusion of which was still a hope for him, appeared to him at this moment with a frightful clearness. Empty safes, closed doors, protests, ruin. Behold what he perceived, on whatever side he turned. And as to all this was added the treason of Sidonie, the wretched man, dismayed, not knowing to what cling in this great shipwreck, uttered suddenly a cry of agony, a groan, like a call to some Providence.

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"Our cat is dead, and Lady Jemima has married the walrus."

The announcement was repeated, the voice sounded close at hand, and that time was earnest, even imperious, as though the exigency of the case demanded that some decisive step should be taken by somebody without delay. I raised myself on my elbow and looked about, feeling a little dazed.

"Accounts? What accounts?"

Then all three fell to laughing at the same time, and heartily, as at a joke a trifle far-fetched of the old master. Gracious Pere Plautus! He was laughing also, the two brothers, the young wife seated at the counter looked at each other for a second, without comprehending:

"Let me see! 'Tis true. I had forgotten it. Ah! decidedly Sigismund Plautus is growing old. I am declining, my children, I am declining."

The good man went away wiping his eyes, in which still shone great tears from that access of laughter which he had just had. Behind him the young folks looked at each other shaking their heads. They half understood.

The stunning force of the blow received had been so terrible, that the old master once in the street was obliged to seat himself upon a bench. This was the reason then that George drew no more money from his marriage with a human, and availed himself of the red squirrel plying about the dead log, and the robin getting ready to go to bed before the sun set, with a chattering and chattering among old and young, and singing poetry for the discipline maintained in the family.

I had been lying up on my back on the grass, and looking up at the sky for the express pleasure of enjoying that peculiar vision which gives one a sense of floating slowly into life again.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## REMEMBRANCE.

I often think of the olden time,  
Of the days of long ago,  
When we roamed in the soft spring-time,  
To the sound of the sweet flow'r,  
The woodland scenes we often shared,  
Where shady maples grew,  
When side by side we little care'd,  
What time would bring to view.

Our lives have sadly changed since then!  
A few years have gone,  
And many more done their part, I ween,  
But we still be true;  
Although he drew his soups weird,  
And cast out in a gaudy board,  
There's still the poor appear,  
And binds our souls and hearts.

Our error wrought a sacrifice,  
And one which we regret—  
But only let the truth suffice—  
We never can forget;  
For though the years of the years  
Seem thus will ever keep,  
Affection's smile, devotion's tears,  
Our love so pure and deep.

That resolves are firmly made,  
Our lives another river,  
('E'en though our minds in error stray),  
Let us go on our way,  
And when at last we have all crossed  
Beyond the Stygian river,  
Our lives, which are now tempt-assured,  
Will then unite forever.

RACHEL BROWN'S  
MEMORIAL.A Story of Marriage and  
Divorce.

BY E. R. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 80, Vol.  
II. Book numbers can always be obtained.)

## CHAPTER X.

## A CHAPTER OF DRY NARRATIVE.

I wouldn't be a lawyer for a fortune. I couldn't stand the everlasting grits of testimony and points of law that one is doomed to have ground before him as long as he is a lawyer. If it were possible for me to get around telling the reader about the divorce suit between Caleb Boatwick and his wife, I would go a considerable distance around. But there is no other way; it would leave an ugly hole right in the middle of the fabric and my story would be spoiled; there were some incidents connected with the suit which have a great deal to do with my story. I cannot evade it, so without another word, in hoosier parlance, "I'll roll up my pants and take a short cut across the fields."

When Mrs. Boatwick so summarily shook the dust of her husband's home from her shoes and sought the protection of her father's house, Mr. Boatwick immediately set about making preparations to obtain a divorce.

The Boatwicks kept a "hired girl." Sarah Ledwell of course wanted to keep on the good side of both master and mistress, and this is often a hard task, especially when a difference occurs between master and mistress.

When Mr. Boatwick found himself alone, his first thought was to ascertain of Sarah who the unluckiest visitor was. The first thought that entered his mind was that the interloper was Mr. Mintwood, a neighbor of fickle habits, and accordingly he presented himself in the kitchen and asked :

"What man was that here to-night, Sarah?"

"I'm not certain who, if you please, sir," with a significant look which heightened Mr. Boatwick's suspicions. Sarah had heard the conversation between Caleb and his wife through the key-hole, of course.

"Did you see him?" asked Mr. Boatwick.

"I had a squint at him through the key-hole—that is, if you please, through the crack of the door," said Sarah.

"Don't you think you would know him if you saw him again?"

"Are you not of the opinion that it was Mr. Mintwood?"

Sarah smiled insinuatingly, but went on with her work in silence.

"Answer me, Sarah; do you think the man was Mr. Mintwood or not?"

"Well, if I must speak, I think it was."

"Did you hear any of their conversation?"

"I wasn't in the room, Mr. Boatwick."

"But in passing, did you not hear anything that was said?"

"Well—I might have heard a little snippet."

"What did you hear?"

"It didn't hear so—very—much."

"Much or little, what did you hear?"

"I heard—he—say—sippin' about like her better—better'n than you did."

"The devil! what did she say?" cried Boatwick, his face livid.

"Nothing much."

"What? don't tribe. Tell me!"

"Well,—she didn't say much at all."

Mr. Boatwick. Said she b'lieved it."

"Very well, Sarah, you may have to say that in the court room."

"O, Mr. Boatwick! I hope I won't get into no trouble about this," cried the terrified girl.

"No, I think not. There's not much chance for trouble in your case. I wish I could say as much for myself!" and Mr. Boatwick groaned and turned to go. "Stop," said he again, "did you hear nothing else?"

"Not another word, sir," had said Sarah, inwardly wishing that she had said nothing.

"Very well," said Boatwick, going.

"Supper's ready," said Sarah.

"Eat your supper and clear the table; I don't want anything," said Boatwick, as he left the room.

He had just time to procure a divorce at the term of the court which was to sit in two weeks; so without waiting to think it over, or to allow his anger to cool, he immediately commenced proceedings.

As is well known, we can procure a divorce in Indiana on almost any ground, and Mr. Boatwick and Sarah were soon divorced by the knowledge of this a part of his nature, he did not think it necessary to be very much concerned about his evidence. He was sure he could prove that his wife had been impudently intimate with Mintwood, which alone would condemn her in the eyes of all who were acquainted with Mintwood's character; and besides this, it is an easy matter to prove incompatibility of temperament which is the foundation for nine-tenths of the divorces granted in the Indiana courts.

But notwithstanding Boatwick's assurance, he had to deal with a man who often boasted that he "knew the books and crooks in the law," and Gideon Carson was busy using all his iniquitous energy to accomplish his own ends, and when the case came to the trial, Carson had every possible arrangement made, while Boatwick was wholly unprepared for the array of testimony in Amelia's favor.

Mr. Boatwick had but one witness be-

sides himself, and that witness was the tarried Sarah Ledwell, who testified having seen a man come into the house about dusk on the evening Mrs. Boatwick left home, and that she was sure the man was Mr. Mintwood; that she had heard Mr. Mintwood say something about loving Mrs. Boatwick better than Mr. Boatwick had, and that Mrs. Boatwick had given him, etc.

Mr. Boatwick testified that he was surprised to find Mintwood rush out of the room, as the former entered it, and that he believed from his wife's confession and consequent falsehood, that she was, to say the least, too intimate with a man of bad character.

On the other hand, Mr. Carson acted for several witnesses, that Mr. Mintwood was out of the State at the time mentioned, and that on that evening Mr. Carson's son had visited Amelia, and not being on terms with Boatwick, he tried to evade him. He recollects that his coat caught on the latch as he hurried out. He remembered also, of telling Amelia during the evening that her father and mother loved her better than her husband did or he would not neglect her so.

It was also proven that Boatwick habitually neglected his wife, and that he had often abused her. This surprised Caleb, for he had loved Amelia, and had it not been for the terrible storm of jealousy that had crashed through his breast he might still have been living happily with her!

He thought long and painfully of the conclusive evidence of Amelia's innocence and his heart went out after her; but when he saw in his imagination the white, vicious face that drove him mad on that terrible night, the same deathly chill came over him and he believed not in her innocence—he saw in it only the machinations of Carson.

Amelia should never come into his house again to drive him to perdition and train his child to vice—never! "Then a good deal of time was given to the subject.

As he made this mortal exclamation the court was giving the decision. A decree of divorce was granted, but Amelia was allowed a sum of three thousand dollars, one-half of which was to be paid to her by Mr. Boatwick in fifteen days, and the remainder in six months thereafter.

Boatwick stared at the judge with paling cheek and smarting eye; he glared wildly about the room—then everything seemed to fade away into nothing.

He had not fainted, but in a fit of unconsciousness, such as is seldom seen or experienced, he was led from the room, while Carson, still wearing the look of a martyr, walked boldly out.

Thus ended another of the everyday tragedies of life—two hearts were torn apart, to throb, crushed and bleeding through life.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THIS DIVORCE BUSINESS.

It may not have been seen by the foregoing chapters, that the visits of Amelia's brother at such times, and in such ways as would be likely to excite suspicion in the mind of the casuist. And I will here state that such is the case. It would seem, at the first view of such a scheme that it would fail; and even to Gideon the plan was a bold one, but was the best he could think of to answer his purpose, because if he failed it would reflect nothing on himself. In order to further his unrighteous scheme he did not even spare his daughter's good name, but caused a tale of scandal which involved Amelia's reputation to be circulated among a certain clique, knowing that it would reach the ears of Boatwick and in his mind of the boy.

"Why, what has Amilia done?" "Done! What has he done?" Took sides against my daughter, although professin' to be a good man!—what does he do?—he's a dog! Done! What does he do?" smiling the old foolish Carson smile.

"Father, the world has not been to me what I desired and expected," said Amelia, with a quiver in her voice, and tears sparkling in her eyes.

Gideon's heart was touched a little—a very little.

"If you were of the world, the world would love you; but because you are not of the world, because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you," aptly quoted Mr. Carson, and the words though misspelled, in a measure comforted Amelia.

"Yes, mother," began Lily, "Ned said to-day that my papa ain't as big a man as Mr. Lincoln—he is, ain't he?"

"As big to us, I think," said Mrs. Alliston, wide her blue eyes and stared wonderingly at Rachel.

Rachel and Mrs. Alliston both laughed. "Lily gets her ideas sadly mixed sometimes by her manner of expression," explained Mrs. Alliston, "but in time I hope she will overcome this difficulty; Ned though is positively 'backwoods-mannered' in his dialect."

"Yes, mother," began Lily, "Ned said to-day that my papa ain't as big a man as Mr. Lincoln—he is, ain't he?"

"As big to us, I think," said Mrs. Alliston, laughing, and fondly drawing her child to her.

"Hello! you here?" said Mr. Alliston to Rachel, as he entered the room.

"Indeed, I am, and I came at a good time; too, for Mary would have been lonesome; and we've had such a pleasant day, all to ourselves."

"I suppose you've decided many important questions then—I believe women generally play the part of Supreme Court when they get together," said Mr. Alliston, mischievously.

"No, indeed; I was as warm as a toast, I walked, and right warm it is, through this snow."

"Walked! Rachel Brown! you haven't walked from Hopless through this deep snow?" said Mrs. Alliston.

"I did, indeed. Don't thee think I'm a brave woman?" said Rachel, laughing.

"More persevering than I would be at least," said Mrs. Alliston.

"Well, I would have come to-day only I wanted to have a good talk with thee all to thyself, and seeing thee alone, I must have come at a good time."

"I'm so glad you have come. I've been lonesome all morning. The children went to school early, and Abby and her father started to the city two hours ago. You were certainly prompted to come by some good genius."

"True. The good genius was my desire, however, and now I've been and find her alone, I am quite happy," settling herself in her father's plan of buying Cedar Cliff, because, seeing through his eyes it seemed the very thing to do. The next thing was to work on Mr. Alliston.

At this point. I do not believe one in ten ever gives the subject a sober thought."

"And our law-makers, as a general rule, are not the men so many think them to be. Of course, some are honest."

"Yes; I have talked to Conrad on the subject enough to know that a great many who hold seats at the Capitol are mere tools of the hands of the wealthy, but evil-disposed persons, so that a measure, to become a law, must be popular among this class," said Mary.

"Yes," said Rachel, "and a great many are so weak-kneed that they will vote for a measure that they know to be wrong, just to please certain law-dodgers and ignoramus constituents who weigh considerably in the scale of an election. Even Conrad has much to say about his constituents," laughed Rachel.

Mrs. Alliston blushed. Anything reflecting on her husband's honor was unpleasant to her.

"Counselor is no tool," said Carson, after a pause, "but it is his duty, however painful it may be, to thoroughly represent those who elect him; and I think he does."

"I think so, too," said Rachel's tone, and she recollects that his coat caught on the latch as he hurried out. He remembered also, of telling Amelia during the evening that her father and mother loved her better than her husband did or he would not neglect her so.

It was also proven that Boatwick habitually neglected his wife, and that he had often abused her. This surprised Caleb, for he had loved Amelia, and had it not been for the terrible storm of jealousy that had crashed through his breast he might still have been living happily with her!

He thought long and painfully of the conclusive evidence of Amelia's innocence and his heart went out after her; but when he saw in his imagination the white, vicious face that drove him mad on that terrible night, the same deathly chill came over him and he believed not in her innocence—he saw in it only the machinations of Carson.

Amelia should never come into his house again to drive him to perdition and train his child to vice—never! "Then a good deal of time was given to the subject.

As he made this mortal exclamation the court was giving the decision. A decree of divorce was granted, but Amelia was allowed a sum of three thousand dollars, one-half of which was to be paid to her by Mr. Boatwick in fifteen days, and the remainder in six months thereafter.

Boatwick stared at the judge with paling cheek and smarting eye; he glared wildly about the room—then everything seemed to fade away into nothing.

He had not fainted, but in a fit of unconsciousness, such as is seldom seen or experienced, he was led from the room, while Carson, still wearing the look of a martyr, walked boldly out.

Thus ended another of the everyday tragedies of life—two hearts were torn apart, to throb, crushed and bleeding through life.

"Oh, mother! Ned got to stand on the floor to-day!" asked Rachel with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I wouldn't be made to stand on the floor for a thousand dollars," cried Lily, looking at Rachel curiously.

"Thee spoke as if thou envied Ned his good fortune," said Rachel.

"Standin' on the floor?" Lily opened wide her blue eyes and stared wonderingly at Rachel.

Rachel and Mrs. Alliston both laughed. "Lily gets her ideas sadly mixed sometimes by her manner of expression," explained Mrs. Alliston, "but in time I hope she will overcome this difficulty; Ned though is positively 'backwoods-mannered' in his dialect."

"Yes, mother," began Lily, "Ned said to-day that my papa ain't as big a man as Mr. Lincoln—he is, ain't he?"

"As big to us, I think," said Mrs. Alliston, laughing, and fondly drawing her child to her.

"Hello! you here?" said Mr. Alliston to Rachel, as he entered the room.

"Indeed, I am, and I came at a good time; too, for Mary would have been lonesome; and we've had such a pleasant day, all to ourselves."

"I suppose you've decided many important questions then—I believe women generally play the part of Supreme Court when they get together," said Mr. Alliston, mischievously.

"No, indeed; I was as warm as a toast, I walked, and right warm it is, through this snow."

"Walked! Rachel Brown! you haven't walked from Hopless through this deep snow?" said Mrs. Alliston.

"I did, indeed. Don't thee think I'm a brave woman?" said Rachel, laughing.

"More persevering than I would be at least," said Mrs. Alliston.

"Well, I would have come to-day only I wanted to have a good talk with thee all to thyself, and seeing thee alone, I must have come at a good time."

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Saturday Evening, March 3, 1877.

THE LITTLE BLUE MAN.

We cannot forbear calling especial attention to the unique portraiture of this terrible little fellow, as it is given in this week's instalment of Daudet's novel, *Sidonie*. He will be readily recognized as an old acquaintance by thousands, so life-like is the picture presented by the artist.

We confess to utter astonishment that so striking an impersonation, which is so ingeniously used by the author to inspirit a whole chapter of his work, should have been utterly ignored and excluded from what purports to be a translation of the book. We refer to the Boston translation, which was noticed at considerable length in these columns last week.

We refer again to the subject especially because the publishers of the book, in an advertisement, endeavor to break the force of the unfavorable criticisms of their work which have appeared in several Philadelphia papers, by quoting the favorable notices which have appeared in New York and Boston papers. It appears evident to any one who has examined the case, that the writers of those notices could not have compared the work with the original, or the gearing and shameless omissions we have noticed could not have escaped attention. It is only another illustration of the general unreliability of shock notices, which in many papers are either carelessly written, or carefully worded with a view to keep good terms with advertisers.

LIFE INSURANCE NOT A FAILURE.

The recent disastrous failures among life insurance companies have very naturally awakened wide-spread distrust, the results of which will doubtless show themselves in more rigid scrutiny into the affairs of remaining institutions, and the speedy winding up of such as cannot stand the test. Thus, while many institutions must suffer loss from misplaced confidence, betrayed by those to whom they have entrusted interests of peculiar sacredness, provision for loved ones, or for their own declining years, the community will in the end be the gainer by the weeding out of corrupt or inadequate concerns.

These events will for a time throw discredit upon the whole business of life insurance, and lead many to suppose that it is founded upon an insecure basis if not on actual fraud. But the truth is, no financial institution has greater certainty for its foundation. To be sure, very unstable abodes have been erected on the "bottom facts," and modern inventions, if not improvements, have brought the concerns and those who trusted in them to grief. Nevertheless the immutable facts are there, and it is not only possible to build safely upon them, but there are companies of many years standing which stand more strongly each year, and which will continue to deserve entire confidence if their affairs are conducted as honestly and prudently as they have hitherto been.

It is an ascertained fact which cannot be disproved, that while the life of an individual is most uncertain, yet of a large number of individuals of the same age, a certain number will die each year, until all have passed away. Statistics, which have been most carefully gathered for many years, based upon the lives of 100,000 persons, show with unerring certainty what provision must be made, that is, what premium must be paid yearly by each person, to enable the company to return a given amount to every individual after a certain number of years, or to his heirs in case of his death.

This basis is indisputably sound. It is easy to ascertain what must be allowed for running expenses, and to make proper allowance for interest on the deposits accumulated. The element of weakness, aside from the dishonesty of managers is, that not a sufficient number may take insurance in a company to guarantee its permanence; for within a certain known limit or number of lives, certain insurance at any feasible rates is impossible.

This point, however, has long been passed

by many of the older companies, and despite the disfavor that the very name of life insurance will meet perhaps for years, the fact remains that there is no better way yet discovered by which to provide against the contingencies of the future, while one yet has a small present surplus of means.

THAT CHIMNEY.

"Up chimney" is a very common form of expression among young and inexperienced people. But a long experience and a growing old rapidly under it, have reversed the figure, and we emphatically say "down chimney," as a figure of speech, as the record of that long sad experience, and as the heartfelt expression of a long accumulating wish.

Others have suffered as well, but few have lifted their voices to communicate and thus mitigate their woes. Is it because of some free masonry mystery that requires to suffer long, but suffers not to speak? That there is a cloud of mystery about the matter, who can doubt? Look at the facts, transversing the laws of nature and the just expectations founded thereon.

Then it stands, that chimney, pointing heavenward, saying as plainly as upright men can speak, "This is the way, walk in it." At the bottom of that chimney the most stirring motives—fire and poker—at the top, glorified existence in immensity, waiting for the coming of the disembodied spirits escaping from the gross earthiness below, through the straight and narrow way plainly set up.

Now then, by all the laws of nature, by all sound theology, by all proper considerations, the smoke ought to go up that chimney, and out into the free air; but it don't, save just exceptionally enough to prove the rule that smoke naturally goes upward. No, with a supercilious curl of scorn it deliberately draws backward, and with spreading content divests itself in the apartments below, masking the most of its opportunities. Tears of entreaty avail not, staid curses are vain. Ejection from doorway windows it accepts placidly, lingering long and departing with studious deliberation.

But there are sudden changes: times when the most zealous repentance is manifest, and the duty of years is crowded into hours. Fast and furious the smoke rushes blindly upward; scarce can it wait for the transformation from grossness to etherealization. Then there is a note of joy from the capacious throat of that chimney; sooty angels seem to be shouting high screams of delight, and triumphant banners wave from the top of the battlements. The glow of enthusiasm is felt below; contributions unceasing flow to keep up the glorious work; the stolid oven catches the new fire, and things are speedily done up brown—alas! too brown.

Evidently the maker of that chimney built it by heart he knew. He must have wrought much of his own human nature into the fabric; for nothing but human nature could manifest such contradictions, such backwoods, such ill-adjusted forwardness, such surprises, failures and accomplishments.

SOME FRUITS OF THE EXHIBITION.

Some of the fruits of the Centennial Exhibition are ripening fast. New lines of business are opening by which American manufacturers will be largely extended, as witness the recent shipment of large consignments of assorted wares from this port to Italy, and the increasing demand in Europe and South America for fabrics and implements the excellence of which was first fully made known to foreigners by the display witnessed here last year. We are prepared to dispute the supremacy of Sheffield and Birmingham with our cutlery, tools and general iron ware, the markets of India are being supplied with our cotton goods.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable triumphs is seen in the consternation which has been felt in Switzerland at our progress in watchmaking. As is well known, that country held almost the monopoly of the business for a long period. It was the main industry of the country, and whole cantons depended upon it for their livelihood. A careful study of our methods showed the leading manufacturers there, that American watches were greatly superior and could be made vastly cheaper than those turned out by the hand work of their most skillful artisans. But one thing remains for them to do if they would not entirely relinquish the business, that is, combine and employ American methods. This they are already preparing to do; capital has already been secured for a large establishment at Neuchatel, and labor being cheaper there than here, they can again successfully compete with us on our own grounds.

These are only a few illustrations of what will continue to go on for years. The ultimate effect of such movements is to bring all countries into nearer relations with each other by placing them nearer on a par in economical affairs, and thus the universal brotherhood of the race is step by step advancing toward full recognition, and the days are drawing nearer when national jealousies and strife shall cease.

SHE was in the hardware store and enquired of the clerk if he had any large sheets of sand paper. Clerk—"We have the ordinary sized sheet. How large did you want it?" "I want one about as large as the side of a house." "May I inquire for what purpose?" "Yes; I want it for the servants to scrape matches on." "Ah, yes! I see."

A REMITTANCE of greenbacks from Kansas just received bears sad evidence of ravages of the grasshoppers; nearly every leaf is badly chewed.

THE master key that opens prisons—Whiskey; it only turns one way though.

A TOUCHING SIGHT—At the end of a blind man's fingers.

ONE-SIDED BAR-GAINS—At the gin shop.

## THE HAPPY LAND

BY CHARLES G. LARNED.

There is a land where fountain play  
There music to rarest pilgrimage sing  
The sweetest melody  
Its paths are told through flowered ways,  
Whose emerald borders round the shores  
Of pine and tropic seas.  
Its sun and moon are ever bright,  
And stars where a little cloudlet gives  
Its color to the sky  
And this fair land is very near,  
Its beauties are ever free to all  
Without the price of gold.  
A happy land is all we need  
For if the mind is peaceful, then  
The world is beautiful!

## THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A LEGEND OF SCOTLAND.

BY GARMER.

## CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER.

In one of those frequent incursions which the Scottish Borderers used to make into the sister territory, it was the misfortune of Sir Thomas Corbals, gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by James Mac Donald, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcileable hatred to that branch of the house of Corbals to which his prisoner belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorized, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Bonnay.

Earl Mac Donald, his father, was then at the English Court in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions.

To what lengths the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the life of his youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy council of that distracted period.

But the expected summons came not.

Day after day passed on inullen monotony, and nothing trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over him.

"Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother? my innocent, playful sister? Never again wander through the green woods of Kilmarnock, or hunt the deer on the lonely domain? Shall my sight never be greeted again by the green earth or the cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose till damp and famine striveto me, and my withered limbs be left in a chapel, where Corbals could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by burning tapers?

"Y—e," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clasping his fettered hands together, whilst his dark eye shot fire, "ye! let the false, tyrannical Mac Donald come with all his ruffian band; let them give me my death by sword or by cord, my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Corbals I have lived, as a Corbals I shall die."

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It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle's bell had been answered by the echoes of the neighboring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them awoke Corbals.

He sprang to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready.

"Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors.

He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the further escape of each other.

In this manner they made their way through a long subterranean passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Corbals could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by burning tapers.

"You must allow yourself to be blinded," said one of them in a sweet, musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard the snap of a spring, and was immediately led forward.

In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and its chill, sepulchral air; for a muted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished, with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE.

BY GARMER.

His keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Corbals of them, all from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believed it was Sir Thomas, who performed such prodigies of valor at the taking of Alnwick."

"May heaven then preserve and succor him!" sighed the Lady Katherine, as she clasped her hands together.

Katherine MacDonald, the only daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzling fair, and her very beautiful features were often related from the charge of iniquity on the fine look by the ladies, her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, and so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to exclude her northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Katherine grown up the very child of nature and taste made upon them, and learned, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the Kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl MacDonald and his son, adherents of the Queen, were then lying at York with their retainers ready to close in battle with the adverse party.

It might be supposed that this intelligent girl would inspire the captive with the desire to escape, but no such influence had James McDonald. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall to sacrifice to his fury were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incubus on his succession, and will either cause her to shut up in a convent, or secretly destroyed."

Corbals shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do.

"Retreat to my secret chamber in the first instance; it were madness and worse to attempt to exclude Earl MacDonald from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you know we have not. I shall cause Lady Katherine to be conveyed there also when she recovers. We must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the spring is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Sir Thomas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Katherine and Elizabeth.

Father Augustine and Corbals.

"You had better take the advice of that intelligent friar, and give way. You know,"

continued the friar, "the secret talents and baleful passion of James McDonald.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The wild and melancholy note of the one few, as she was relieved from the nest by the terrors, or the occasional bleed of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Katherine, riding up close to her husband, "what a sense of peace and tranquility! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued, looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Katherine," returned Corballis, "these are but fond dreams. The state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart absolve their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and ere the glowing sun goes down you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland. Ride on—the night wears apiece."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn around. It was MacDonald, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

"Turn, traitor, coward! Robber, turn and meet your just punishment!"

Coward was never heard by a Corballis unrevenged! "was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Katherine to ride on.

But she became paralysed with fear and surprise, and sat on her pony motionless. Both men drew their swords and the combat began. It was furious, but short: Corballis unloosed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steel, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But, oh! the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Sir Thomas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than MacDonald drew his secret dagger and stabbed him to the heart.

That night the moon was pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground, the mournful howl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness. Soon, however, a homesick man was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life had indeed fled; he sprung from his horse and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands.

Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed:

"O, do not kill him!"

"He is safe from me, lady," said the well-known voice of Roderick Clancy.

"Then here, my trusty friend!" murmured Lady Katherine; "bear me to Corballis and all may yet be well."

She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Roderick, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd's cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost disconsolate, and laid down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman's cloak, to run out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Roderick as he ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was heard by a loud barking, and never fell sooth some welcome on the ear of the faithful vessel; he followed the sound and there led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife.

Roderick's tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a condition to demand instant and voluntary assistance. There amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir Thomas Corballis first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Katherine was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention.

The care of Roderick consigned the remains of the rival chieftains to the grave. It was supposed that Mc Donald had expired, soon after giving Corballis the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. There horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and this furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care.

Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware that she had neither husband or brother.

Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Katherine.

One day she sat watching the gambols of her son, on the banks of the beautiful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale, thin lips, as she looked to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring:

"My Corballis!"

Her first awakening to a full sense of her loss, and forlorn condition, it was only by pressing her lips to her that she could be reassured; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Kilmarnock, and claim protection for herself and child, but the prudence of Roderick suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and recommending his lady to the care of Alexander Cockburn and his kind hearted wife, he set out on his embassy.

But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the inmates fed no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honored mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had suffered made every loss appear trivial.

The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. There Lady Katherine, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighboring town to supply her with any necessities she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle.

It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all names. She forgot her sorrow, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the shealing. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be described when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle?

To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movements of the frenzied mother, but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her

neighbors, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy.

He was delivered to his mother, but, also! only as a drenched and nerveless corpse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled forever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find his lady a wandering vision. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor till death put a period to her sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant.

After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, his heart adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in one of the border raids of the period, as he was never heard of more.

## THAT FIFTY DOLLARS.

BY B. A. M. MOSE.

How very strange it seems that a great or learned man can never do or say a smart thing, or even think a smart thought, but there is always somebody to step forward and deny that he ever did, said, or thought so.

## ROCKING THE CRADLE AMONG THE SIERRAS.

IN THE FLOOR.

BY CAPTAIN CARMER.

All the true and beautiful stories so familiar to our childhood are in the rudest manner rated as false and fabulous: the disputing unbelievers grant life, it is true, but endeavor to take away honor.

Thus Alexander the great is made to live but not to weep. Washington too, but he did not say he would not tell a lie. Tell all, but did not shoot an apple from the head of his son, and of late some sacrilegious pen has even been used as a weapon against the glory surrounding the name of Pocahontas, a woman, and it is maintained that either Pocahontas wasn't she, or I don't much care to remember just what, as I know that the story is true as it was first written, and that Smith was Smith himself, and she was she.

But the last and most foolish claim given forth by this perverse habit of contradiction is this.

Somebody says that J. G. Whittier thinks that \$50 a year ought to dress any woman; and when the exchanges have set the story well to go some perverse son of Adam's race thinks it necessary to stand forth and proclaim, that it is not necessary to that John G. "never thought or said any such absurd thing."

How disappointing this is, how vexatious, how productive of evil results. It weakens our belief in newspaper stories, it weakens our belief in human nature, and stirs up many a family quarrel. I mean if we try to believe that he said it and didn't think it, or that he thought it and didn't say it, or that he didn't think or say it.

Now we hear quickly one gets mixed up in the matter.

"No, sir, do not kill him!"

"He is safe from me, lady," said the well-known voice of Roderick Clancy.

"Then here, my trusty friend!" murmured Lady Katherine; "bear me to Corballis and all may yet be well."

She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Roderick, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd's cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing.

He was almost disconsolate, and laid down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman's cloak, to run out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Roderick as he ascended the hill;

the sad note of the hound was heard by a loud barking, and never fell sooth some welcome on the ear of the faithful vessel;

he followed the sound and there led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife.

Roderick's tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing,

where they found the object of their solicitude in a condition to demand instant and voluntary assistance. There amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir Thomas Corballis first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Katherine was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention.

The care of Roderick consigned the remains of the rival chieftains to the grave. It was supposed that Mc Donald had expired, soon after giving Corballis the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. There horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and this furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care.

Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware that she had neither husband or brother.

Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Katherine.

One day she sat watching the gambols of her son, on the banks of the beautiful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale, thin lips, as she looked to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring:

"My Corballis!"

Her first awakening to a full sense of her loss, and forlorn condition, it was only by pressing her lips to her that she could be reassured; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Kilmarnock, and claim protection for herself and child, but the prudence of Roderick suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and recommending his lady to the care of Alexander Cockburn and his kind hearted wife, he set out on his embassy.

But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the inmates fed no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honored mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had suffered made every loss appear trivial.

The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. There Lady Katherine, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighboring town to supply her with any necessities she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle.

It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all names. She forgot her sorrow, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the shealing. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be described when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle?

To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movements of the frenzied mother, but vain had been her efforts, had she not been

## LOVE.

BY HARRIS SABLER.

Oh! tell me not that love will wane,  
And fade from the heart so soon;  
That its blissful vision will flee away  
From the heart that loves it so soon.

For love is not a meteor bright,  
That is born to flash and die,

But a steady and faithful guiding star,  
To lead us to realms so high.

It is not the love that's so quick to flow  
From the lips that is truly best;

It is the love that the heart can know.

Are the hardest to express.

The chords that are struck by a pure love

Are asathmost as the deep;

They will tremble and vibrate while life shall last,

And full us at last to sleep.

Oh! love is faithful and pure and true,  
And it does not the soul enthrall;

It is the love that grows weary and chafes so soon.

For love is immortal and cannot die,

And God himself is love.

Never mind me, I know the length of them.

The sentence ceased abruptly and took the lantern-hall over a peg in the upright. I sprang down the few feet to the timbers. I was then in utter darkness, but I could swear that a patch of tangible blackness leaped from the shaft to the right of me and melted in with the night.

"Hey, Doles!" I shouted, numb with terror, riding on as he had done on the upper stringer, "for God's sake, where are you?"

"Here!" called back his voice, with something of a gurgle in it, "don't mind—I can't hold on. Catch by the bolts, swing out, stretch yourself like a boom across that accursed swirl made by the timbers. There! close to you—swing out—swing out for God's sake, grapple him before he shoots beyond you!"

I had caught the glimpse of a head and shoulders in the tossing flood—a brave head and determined, defiant shoulders throwing themselves every few moments clear of the flying yeast, with the strokes of a powerful swimmer in strong agony. The sight nearly made me sick.

"Strike in—this way!" I shrieked, "just one look in!" as the broad sweep of the lantern shot across the long bar of light given by the lantern and plunged into the Egyptian darkness that enveloped us. I was in despair. I had stretched out to the utmost and was fighting the current with every muscle to keep myself across instead of lengthwise in the eddy, and—

Something heavy but yielding struck me above the knees. The next moment I had my hands tangling in the wet hair, and was hauling the now inactive body towards the bank.

Strangely disturbed by the silence of Doles, I struggled and deposited the rescued body upon the bank and again took passage on the slippery timber, holding by the bolts, so that the foam was above my belt.

"Doles, boy, boy!" I called, "for God's sake, shout."

Only the roar, hiss and gurgle of the jouncing flood.

I threw myself off the frame, and sliced the water above, around and beneath me. I then flung myself over to the shorter arms of the surging structure and dived about the water there. Baffled and overpowered by my conflicting emotions, I crept along the slippery stringer towards the bank. Right where the timbers were spliced, forming the corner of a triangle, I found Doles wedged, as he afterwards had it "boot-jacked in," his arms hooked at the elbows around some pegs and posts, and the foam spurting across his mouth and nose. I got him clear, I guess, and laid him upon his face with his hands, or longer sufferer, and with the lantern hooked to my belt, I staggered toward the tent, dragging, or carrying, the limp, wet figure, whose last cry I was afraid had rung out on the night air.

Doles was generous to a fault. He would not hesitate to halve or quarter, or even less need men of his counsel; and if more men believed in plainer dress, and we were getting things ready for rocking the cradle, as the rainy season had fairly set in. We were constructing a flume, and being well aware that our position might expose us to a flood of water from the ravines and gorges of the mountains, we had to give particular attention to the strength of our apparatus, and we found ourselves at evening time soaked with the showery rain-fall, and so weary that our supper was barely worth the getting.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Doles, hauling out of the coils, and listening to the increased roar outside, "this sounds like business. I am mighty afraid the whole concern will be wrecked."

"We're not far from the tent," he said, "and unless there is more strength in this coffee than in the beans, we'll be all right." Doles was a perfect cook, and I guess he had a good deal of time to spare.

"So do I. I am mighty afraid the whole concern will be wrecked."

"We're not far from the tent," he said, "and unless there is more strength in this coffee than in the beans, we'll be all right."

"This is awful!" I echoed, as the storm momentarily increased; "tighten the guys, Doles, or we shall be without a local habitation in fifteen minutes. See how the structure rips and tears."

"This is awful!" I echoed, as the storm steadily and rapidly increased. "Drat the guys!" aspirates Doles, getting up again and lighting the lantern, "I can't rest a moment for thinking of the big lifts that we've thrown away to-day."

"You are not going out?"

"No, sir!—I am awaiting a crisis or climax, or something that I feel is coming."

The words had barely escaped his lips when a faint wild cry reached us, more like the aggravated squeak of the wind than anything else.

"What's that?" exclaimed he, his eyebrows lifting and falling, as I have seen pot-lids when fresh gusts of steam strove to escape.

"And where was it?"

We were both outside by this time, with our hands bared back of our ears to ward off the nearer sounds, and let in the farther ones.

Again the shrill, disjointed cry!

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

March 2, 1872.

SILLY.

BY JEROME GORDON.

Only a hand—but it shamed to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a dwarf—but it shamed that day  
That a burdened heart passed by that way,  
And the message went through the flower was  
“None!”

Brought the weary soul a sweet comfort.

For it spoke of the little and wondrous glad,  
And the heart that was tired grew strangely  
glad.  
At the thought of a tender care over all,

That none even a parrot's fall.

Only a thought—but the world it wroughts  
Could never by tongue or pen be named,  
For it ran through the flower a stream of gold,  
And the flower grew fresh a hundred fold.

Only a jewel—tiny was spoken in love,  
Only a whisper prayer to the Lord above,  
And the angels to heaven reported once more,  
For a new-born soul—entered in by the door.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.  
AUTHOR OF "BABY LYDIA."

This story was commenced in No. 18, Vol.  
II. Book numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

DAISY'S JEALOUSY.

From that night Mrs. Frank Raynor began a course of action that she previously would have believed herself incapable of. She watched her husband, in her eagerness to discover where these Bells lived—though what service the knowledge could render her she would have known to know had she occasionally asked the question—she occasionally followed him. Keeping her bonnet down stately in readiness, she would put it on hastily when he went out, and take it off after him. Three or four times a week she did this. Very可疑的 indeed Daisy felt it to be, and her cheeks blazed consciousness now and again, but jealousy drove a woman to do more contemptible things than even this. But for the unaccountability of her present life, as contrasted with her previous tastes and habits and surroundings, and for its utter monotony, causing her to feel weary unto death day after day, Margaret Raynor might never so far have forgotten herself. The pursuit was quite exciting, bringing to her a kind of relief; and she resolutely drove away all inconvenient qualms of conscience.

So, there imagine that you behold them. Frank turning out at the surgery door, and hastening this way or that way, as if his feet were alighted by wings; and when he is a few yards off, say just abreast of the oil and pickle shop, Daisy turns out after him. It would be generally a tedious and tormenting chase. He seemed to have so many patients to visit, here and there, and everywhere; on this side the streets and on that side, and round corners, and down courts, that his pursuer was generally baffled, lost him for good, and had to return home in despair.

Meanwhile, as time went on, Frank, unconscious of all this, was destined to get a shock himself. One evening, when he had been called to a case of emergency near home, upon quitting the sick man's house, he entered a chemist's for the purpose of directing some article, which it was not in the province of a medical man to supply, to be sent to the sufferer. Dashing into the shop hurriedly, for his time was not his own, he was beginning to give his order.

And there his speech failed him. He stopped as suddenly and completely as though he had been shot. The young man to whom he was addressing himself, with the attentive red brown eyes in which gleamed a smile of intelligence, and the clean white apron tied round his waist, was Blase Pellet. Then looked at one another in the full glare of the gas-light.

Blase was the first to speak. “How do you do, Mr. Raynor?”

“Is it you?” cried Frank, recovering him self somewhat. “Are you living here?”

“Since a week past,” replied Blase.

“Why have you left Trennach?”

“I came up to better myself,” said Blase, demurely. “One hears great things of fortune being made in London.”

“And of being lost, Pellet,” rejoined Frank.

“I can go back at any time,” observed Blase. “Old Float would only be too glad to have me. The young fellow he has now in my place is not me. Float writes me word. Float will have to attend to business a little more himself now, and I expect it will not suit him.”

Without any answer to this, Frank gave the order he had gone in to give, and passed out of the shop, his mind in a very disagreeable ferment.

“He has come up here as a spy upon me; he is watching my movements,” said Frank to himself. “How did I know I was here—in this part of London?”

A powerful conviction that it was utterly useless to try to evade Blase Pellet had taken sudden possession of him; that he had been tracking him all along the means of transports and emissaries, and had now come to it in earnest. He felt that if he were exposed, away over the seas and set up his tent in an African desert, or on the arid shores of some remote fastnesses of the Indian Empire, or amid the unexplored wilds of a barren prairie, he should see Blase Pellet in another tent, side by side with him, the next morning.

“I wonder what Dame Bell knows of this?” it suddenly occurred to him to think. And no sooner did it occur than, acting on the moment's impulse, he determined to ask her, and walked towards her lodgings at his usual quick rate. She had taken rooms in a quiet street, where the small houses were mostly private. Her complaint was very fluctuating, and latterly she had felt better, not requiring regular attendance.

Opening the door without knocking, as was his custom, he went upstairs to the small sitting room; this room and the bed-chamber behind it comprising Mrs. Bell's apartment. She had come into a little trouble by the death of her sister at Falmouth, John Pellet's wife, and thus, combined with her previous slight illness, enabled her to live secretly. When Mrs. Pellet died, it had been suggested that Rosaline should take to her millinery business, and carry it on, but Rosaline rapidly declined. Neither Rosaline nor her mother liked Falmouth, and they resolved to go to London. Chance alone—or at least, that apparently undirected impulse that is called chance—had caused them to

fix on this particular part of London for their abode; and neither of them had the slightest idea that it was within a stone's throw of Frank Raynor's. On the third day after settling in it, Rosaline and Frank had met in Black Street; and he then learnt the news of their recent movements.

Mrs. Bell was at her old employment this evening—that of knitting. Lifting her eyes to see who had come in, she took the opportunity to snuff the candle by which she sat, and gazed at her visitor with a smile.

“‘Hey-day!’ she cried. ‘I thought it was Rosaline.’

This was the first time Frank had seen her alone. During all his previous visits Rosaline was present. Rosaline had gone a long way that afternoon, Dame Bell proceeded to explain, as far as Oxford Street, and was not back yet. The girl seemed to have got some crutch in her head, she said, and would not say what she went for. Frank was glad of her absence—crutch or no crutch; it had been an invincible desire to name the name of Blase Pellet in her hearing.

“Seen Blase Pellet to-night!—what had Blase Pellet come to town for?” repeated Dame Bell, in answer to Frank's introduction of the subject. “Well, sir,” she added, “the tell us he was grown sick and tired of Trennach, and came up here to be near us—and Rose. I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a feather, so surprised was I when he walked into this room last Sunday afternoon. I had dozed off in my chair here, and Rose was reading the Bible to him, when he came in. For a minute or two I did not believe my eyes, and that's the truth. As to Rose, she turned the color of chalk, just as if he frightened her.”

“Did he know you were living here?”

“Of course he knew that, Mr. Frank. Blase, I must say, has always been as dutiful to me as if he had been my real nephew, and he often wrote to us at Falmouth. One of his letters was sent after us from Falmouth, and I wrote to tell him where we were in return.”

“Did you tell him I was here?” questioned Frank.

“Well, no, I didn't; and it's curious you should ask just that question, Mr. Frank,” cried the dame. “I was just going to put to the world that I hoped I could get to know now. Mr. Raynor was attending me again, and when he stopped it, Mr. Raynor was to Blase, ‘Blase,’ said—better not name him at all. Upon that, I asked her why she did not write the letter herself instead of me—for she never will write to him. However, you were not mentioned, sir.”

“What is his object in coming to London?” repeated Frank, unable to get the one important point out of his mind.

“I'd not wonder but it's Rosaline,” said Dame Bell slowly. “Blase has wanted to make up to her this many a day, but—”

“What an idiot the man must be!” struck in Frank.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



EDUCATED PLEAS.

## A SINGULAR PERFORMANCE.

It was not easy to believe the stories which have been told about educated fleas, how they had been taught to draw carriages, ride in them, dressed as ladies and gentlemen, dance, and do many other things very astonishing for a flea to perform.

But now we have seen their performances. A few days ago an flea was in Philadelphia with his large company of performing fleas, and we visited the exhibition.

There the little creatures were, alive and kicking, but not hopping about after the manner of unruly, ill-mannered fleas. They had been taught, so the exhibitors said, to walk instead of skipping. How this part of their education was conducted we will tell further on; but let us describe something of the feats they performed.

There were numbers of them harnessed to vehicles of various kinds; not very large carriages, but a great deal larger than themselves. One pair drew a little buggy, upon which were sitting a lady and a gentleman flea. The lady had a parasol; that is, they appeared to hold their articles, but really the whip and the parasol were fastened to their legs, by fine silken threads, and the insects were easily swayed with what looked like the tail, so that they could be placed upright on the seats of the carriage; thus their good behavior was made sure.

One little Sampson of a flea drew a small street car, said to weigh 900 times more than himself, and judging from the comparative size of the two, it looked quite problematical. A man of average size weighs say 140 pounds. Suppose he were as strong as this flea in proportion to his size; he would be able to pull a load of sixty-three tons! No such Sampson as that is living on this earth.

Two of these little creatures were mounted on little pedestals, facing each other. Each had a tiny steel blade attached to his legs, and they cut and slashed at each other like two swordsmen fighting a duel.

One performer pulled at a little chain which passed over a wheel and in this way drew up a small bucket from a little well.

The most curious sight was a band of flea musicians, fifteen in number, each with a tiny instrument, such as violin, bass viol, cornet, cymbals, etc., etc. The fleas were fixed so as to stand upright, the little instruments of proper size being attached to their legs. They occupied a miniature platform about six inches long, which was raised above a magnificent ball-room floor, about eight inches long and four inches wide. On this floor two couples were seen, with hands joined. The whole was placed upon a large music box, and when this began to play, the little musicians went through the motions of performing on their instruments, and the dancers on the floor circled around each other in a five-waltz.

It seems very astonishing that fleas could be taught to do anything of the kind. In reality, however, the only great difficulty is in making the very delicate little apparatus which must be used to fit these small insects. The exhibitor showed how the wild fleas were tamed. A small circular cage about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, made of thin glass, with thin gauze sides, is placed on to revolve like the wheel of a squirrel's cage. The flea is placed in this, and naturally hops about very lively, to get out; but each skip he makes only gives him a blow on the head against the glass. After trying this for a few days, he gets the idea knocked into his head, that hopping is not the best way to travel, and so he contents himself with simply crawling about.

When he has learned this gait, and is broken of his nervous jumps, his education is complete. Nothing more is necessary but to attach to him the various things on which he is to perform, in such a way that when he moves his legs to walk, he will set these things in motion. He will start off whenever he is disturbed, so that the playing of the music-box or drumming on the table will at once set him to work.

We are not at all certain that the training in the cage is necessary, as the little fellow does not seem to have entirely free use of his limbs.

The ways in which he is harnessed, or dressed, and the various articles for exhibition are attached to him, and the workmanship on these almost microscopic objects are really marvels of ingenuity, skill and patience. So that although the flea cannot claim much credit as an apt scholar, the exhibition is very curious and entertaining as showing what a skillful workman can accomplish.

## GOOD JOOKO.

Jocko was a monkey on board of a ship on which Lady Verney of England was passenger. He was very much petted by the sailors, and did not seem to have those bad traits which some monkeys have.

The sailors liked him much, they never treated him roughly; and he repaid them with love in return.

On board of the ship was a spaniel with her four young puppies. At first she did not like Jocko at all, and would not let him come near the place where she and her young ones were kept. She would show as much anger, that Jocko would keep away, and go to his friends, the sailors.

But Jocko had as much desire to see and pet the pups as some little girls have to play with the babies. So one day, when the mother spaniel was not present, Jocko went down to the place where the pups cuddled together. Then taking them up in his arms, he held them, and petted them, just as if they were his own children.

While he was thus engaged, the spaniel came in, and to her great surprise saw her children in the arms of their nurse. Instead of being angry, she was so much pleased that, from that time forth, she treated Jocko with great fondness. Often she would leave him to take care of her pups while she went off to walk about the ship.

**BREAKING** bad news is like half-cutting your throat before you are hanged, making you die two deaths instead of one.

To worship is to a woman always sweeter than to be worshipped. To worship, one must look up; to be worshipped, one must look down.

## THE PERILS OF MONT BLANC.

## A TRAVELER'S NARRATIVE.

We had ascended Mont Blanc to a height where most travelers are willing and anxious to turn back to the world below; but I was young and ambitious, and foolishly eager to reach that awfully sublime elevation which so few have ever attained, and in attempting which so many have lost their lives.

"Well, master," said the principal guide, to whom I had previously made known my desire, "what say you now?"

"Forward," cried I, with romantic enthusiasm, "to all that man may dare."

"Have you laid your life in the balance with your wish?" he asked.

"I have considered everything," I replied.

"Then forward it is, for victory or death!"

He then proceeded to hold a consultation with the other guides, and I to take leave of my friends.

Five mountaineers, including the chief guide, decided to accompany me; and, securing ourselves to each other by a cord, so that a slip or mis-step of one might not prove fatal to him, we set out, each carrying his knapsack of provisions strapped to his back, and in front a long balancing pole, with a hook at one end, and a steel point at the other, to assist his fending along, dizzy ledges, and over yawning chasms, whose awful depths could not be penetrated by human eye.

Every step of our progress required labor and care, and some of our exploits, as I remember them, savor more of romance than reality. It was no unusual thing for us to pull ourselves up by our hands from one crag of ice to another, and lower ourselves over some abyss in the same manner; or crawl along some narrow, slippery ledge, on our hands and knees, with a sheer descent on either side of us of a thousand feet.

At length we came to a perpendicular wall of ice, some twenty-five or thirty-six feet in height, over which we must pass direct, or abandon our purpose. We examined it on all sides, but found nothing better than that which directly faced us. How could we surmount the difficulty?

"If we go forward, we must climb the precipice of ice—there is no alternative"; at length said the chief guide, turning to me. "Can it be done?" I inquired.

"That is a question best answered by trying," he replied. "It is difficult and dangerous."

He then held a short consultation with his companion, and proceeded to the work. He cut places for his hands and feet, and climbing up by means of these, cut others still higher, his comrades steady him and supporting him as long as they could. He then came down, and had one of the poles fastened to his dress, so that they could keep him from losing his balance. In this manner he slowly worked his way up, till the pole became too short, when he came down and rested while another was being made fast to it. Once more he returned to the work, and soon after he accomplished the boldfeat, and stood upon the awfully precipitous summit.

The rest of us now disengaged ourselves from the rope, by which, as I have mentioned, we were all connected together, and two others ascended in the same manner as the first, one of them taking the rope up with him. They now told me it was time for me to go up; while there were some voices and some shouts to assist me; and to prevent any accident happening through my inexperience, the rope was lowered and fastened around my body, and, as fast as I ascended, the slack was taken in by those above.

When a little more than half-way from the base to the top of my feet suddenly slipped, and my body partly swung round. I grasped firmly with my hands; and the tightening of the rope, with the assistance of the pole pressing in between my shoulders, kept me from swinging clear, and consequently from dashing my bones on the rough ice below—for the pole could not have supported my weight, and those above would have been compelled to let go to save themselves from being dragged over the precipice. The event gave my nervous system a fearful shock, and in an instant I was in a perspiration, cold as it was. I finally got to the top in safety, but felt so weak and trembling that for some minutes I sat down on the ice to recover my composure. The others, meantime, made the awful fate of my companions in peril.

likely to fall suddenly asleep, which I did not think was prudent, I arose, with the intention of returning to the guides, and keeping myself awake with conversation.

But scarcely had I taken one step forward, when I stopped, and felt my hair rise with horror. I heard a strange sound, more like the distant purring of some animal than anything else I can liken it to, and at the same moment there was a slight vibration or quiver of the ground under me. I cannot tell why, for I had never experienced anything like the kind before; but at once, if for no instinct, I assumed to know it was a descending avalanche, and descending, too, from afar, probably to overwhelm and drown me forever.

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A exchange writing an account of a street parade says that the procession was headed by a band "with their new green uniforms and red plumed hats." for the benefit of the poor.

In a town newspaper speaks of a man having lynched his wife for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law.

An exchange writing an account of a street

## HERE AND THERE.

This late George Dawson, of England, said he had invented and patented, the device of a double-headed maul in extraneous tools.

He is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only \$15 a year.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

March 2, 1877.

## THE FASHIONS.

Although Lent has set a seal upon the gates of the fashionable world, small evening parties, without dancing still entertain the young and quiet, though elegant dinner parties amuse their elders. A fancy *haussund* purples, invisible blues and greens prevail in Paris, the place of all others where appropriateness of costume to the season is observed. A charming dress for one of those mild evening reunions is shown. It is composed of silk and velvet, and is quaintly termed

### A BRIDE'S.

The silk forming the one side is of a pale grey. The skirt is cut on bias, and has a bias placket front around the bottom two and a half inches deep. Two wide bands of violet colored velvet each four and half inches wide, cross the front and side widths of the dress. The lower one is placed three-quarters of a yard above the edge of the skirt. Bands do not cover the band, which is laid at the belt in a narrow triangular placket under which the ends of the bands are concealed. The upper part of this plait sits or seven inches from the waist. The belt is caught together with a band and ends of velvet, which seem from the manner of setting on to be a continuation of the upper violet band, which crosses the skirt in front. A successive course of velvet, cut square to the neck, and having square pointed ends back and front is worn with sleeves of the silk to match the skirt. These sleeves are plain fitting to just below the elbow, pendant from them are pointed ruffles of velvet on one on each sleeve, bound by an inch band of velvet. Within these ruffles are *cravat*-like ones. A double ruche of *cravat* is worn in the square neck. Long collar of violet velvet with pearl cross pendant. The hair is also tied low down on the neck with a violet velvet ribbon. Long gloves of grey kid stretched in winter, and in summer of bracelets two bands of violet velvet encircle the wrists, and are clasped with pearls.

Could anything more charming, or truly French, be suggested than this modest yet elegant costume? Notice the absence of all glittering jewelry—a "pearl arm" I always of pearl" alone being used.

We greatly admire

### BLACK SILK SUIT.

shown by one of our leading houses, and very recently imported. The undershirt is a demi-train and is trimmed with first, a narrow knife-pleating, then a twelve inch box pleated blouse. The overdress was cut out on a square fashion and possesses some new features. The back was so arranged as to have jointly position bustape skirts set in to small pleats four on a side, all turning towards the center. Under this the skirt of the pantaloons for a quarter of a yard had a standard piping produced by buttons and a contrasting buttonhole made with matching. The front was laid in upturned pleats for a half yard from the bottom, the pleats being small. The opening was double-breasted, closing from right to left and running diagonally down until the opening was ended on the left side half way from the lower edge of the skirt.

The sleeves were double, having a tight-fitting coat sleeve first, and then a loose, open vestiment sleeve, cut open from the shoulders and lined with fine Marcelline silk. A fine knife-pleasing in three rows trimmed the under sleeve, but the flowing sleeve had only a line of silk contrasted on each side. A round standing collar finished the neck. A deep-pinked pocket was placed low down on the left side, moderately large crocheted buttons closed the front.

Large brimmed felt hats, with only the front turned back and held to place by a handsome steel buckles, are affected by round faced beauties.

### THE HAIR.

is worn by many in an elegant simplicity especially if abundant. Four heavy cuts are tied low down on the neck in the back. The front hair is wavy parted on the side and wavy brought low on the brow and taken back, where with the rest of the front hair a roll is formed and held in place by a high ornamental comb. A bow of ribbon or wet wet matching the piece, tying the ends is placed high upon the left side.

### COTTON AND WOOL.

Small jets of *cravat* with a silk thread to the edges of the top.

Brown and blue stockings with silk clocks are much worn.

The new hats have been introduced with wreaths of leaves with seed vessels pendant, or else wreaths of half-open flowers with buds placed.

All of the fashionable hosts have the same white mitts of the top.

Tiny cameo earrings are much worn.

Loose double-breasted jackets are worn for equitation excursions now, instead of the tight-fitting waist so long in use.

Small top and gloves are *en robe* for mounting and riding excursions.

The fashion of wearing the hair low on the brow is so prevalent that false fronts are in very general use. They are artistically made however, and easily adjusted.

Evening corsets must be laced up in the back.

A velvet enters largely into combination with woolen and silk materials designed for spring costumes.

Pronounced bustles are not worn in Paris and should not be here, as they give a most unnatural appearance to the dignity of the neck with.

Cream colored fobs are much in vogue now in this intermediate season.

Thanks are due Mr. Homer & Colliard for information received.

### THE INFANTS' DRESS.

The front is cut away fashion and is loose, opening down the centre and fastening with buttons. The back is straight to about three or four inches, and is fastened with a small button to a point of soft leather. Wash goods we command the latter, for women goods the former. If gathers were used to make the front, it is much to be desired that the waist be well made. A band of the material of the made-up wash goods or of silk, if made of wash goods, is set on each side of the joining of the front and waist parts. The waist is to be well made, and the back widths lay down. Two pockets are placed on each side rather low down under the arm, with a small pocket of the same fabric on the neck. A narrow lace or piping or gathered edges the front and front side widths, and is carried up the sides. We recommend the pattern, having used it, and find it looks well.

If wash goods it is to be

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

**Mrs. Thomas Kirkwood.**—I have received your note and addressed to the commissioners.

**Ametista Rivers.**—The best plan is to get white hatched, enough for a couple of months, and then to have a few pieces made to order. Don't buy what you have, will do very well. A combination of two or three colors, and a white border. Pink face trimming.

**Louisa and Bert New Orleans.**—The most originals worth in your climate can be purchased here, or you wish. In fact there is every kind of color, and a great variety of shapes. The broads you speak of will cost a great deal, if you especially desire all long hair.

**Thos. Lucy.**—Clinton, Ohio.—You had better go by all means if your mother wishes it and wear white Swiss or French muslin. If you are not, and are not, wear Clusters of flowers, looking like pink skirts, and worn on your bosom and hair will be pretty.

NINON.

## THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

BY R. FRANK TAYLOR.

The present hour that seems to be  
An hour of delight,  
Its smile may seem to tell of glee,  
It seems he fair and bright.  
But its not like the hours of yore,  
When we were young and gay.  
Those happy times that come no more,  
The days of long ago.

For oft the hearts that loved us then,  
Are now no longer here;  
We cannot call them back again,  
For all that we can do.  
The eyes that glistened—the eyes that shone,  
With sweet affection's glow;  
Forever from our tip toes flown,  
With days of long ago.

Alas! More is no magic power,  
To us that may restore;  
The past is past, the vanished hour,  
The smiles again no more.  
Aye, we walk life's weary way,  
And sight, because we know  
No more, we are sad, faded gray,  
The days of long ago.

It may be we shall meet again,  
By heart's parting bight;  
The dear ones whom we seek in vain,  
Amid the realms of night.  
Each shore is o'er us, so fragile here,  
As we may not live, nor dare to bear;  
And with our loved may reappear,  
The days of long ago.

## THE OLD GUIDE'S STORY.

AN INCIDENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

I remember, ten years ago, or thereabouts, that I encamped by a lake very much like the one now before us, but it was not in this country. It was to the eastward, near the Caffraria mountains. I had been engaged by a party of Portuguese to guide them from the coast up into the country towards the homes of the Bechuanas, where a Catholic mission had been established. There were in the party two priests, called Father Anselmo and Father Ambrose, and four merchants. I told them that they were going to travel a dangerous road, for the Caffres had been at war with the English, and had a deadly hatred of all white men. But the two priests were not to be put off. They said that they were at work for a heavenly master, and their work must be done. As for the merchants, I could understand them easily. They were going with the missionaries with hope of making large sums of money.

The priests were really the leaders of the expedition; but one of the merchants, a large, powerful man, called Don Gomez, assumed control of affairs. They had six Hottentot servants whom we started, but before we had traveled

the thickets in which we were posted was

upon one side of the opening, and about twenty yards from the pack. As the shout of the Caffres broke upon the air, Don Gomez gave the word for us to fire. We poured in a well-directed volley upon the marauders, and they stopped in their headlong course, and their war shouts were changed to yells and groans of surprise and pain. Before

they could fairly make up their minds upon this unexpected turn of affairs, we had aimed our second lot of rifles, and another volley was fired. I saw, when the smoke cleared, the first time, that the Caffres had fallen; but I knew that this second discharge must have taken down more of them. The merchants, who had the double-barrelled rifles, fired four shots at random, for the smoke from our second discharge lay thick upon the earth for some time, entirely shutting out our enemy.

From what I know of the Caffre character, I supposed that the rascals would draw off at this second fire, but in this I was mistaken. While yet the smoke lay like a dense cloud between us, one of them was beaten by his own chief, sent forth a terrible shout, which was answered by a number of others, and in a moment more as many as a dozen of them came rushing through the smoke, with their spears aimed directly towards us. They had discovered our cover, and were bound to make an assault.

They were not mere bushmen that we had to deal with. They were as brave and resolute as any people of Africa, and had been schools in war for years.

I was returning for us to the Don Gomez's camp, and when he saw this movement of the Caffres, he leaped to his feet, and ordered us to follow him. He told us to leave our empty rifles, and take our pistols. As he ran forward, pushing the rear, pushing the two servants ahead of us. The Caffres were changing upon the bushes, thrusting their spears into the cover, when we came out upon their side, and before they could fairly turn we had discharged our first battery of pistols, holding another battery still in reserve. The Don ordered us to keep the other pistols, till we should come to close quarters.

This new fire seemed to startle the Caffres, and they hesitated as they turned toward us. Don Gomez saw his advantage, and with a loaded pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, he gave the order to charge, and dashed forward. I don't know but that these Portuguese merchants yelled as loud as the savages did. At any rate, they sent forth a terrible war-cry as they dashed to the charge, and I could not help joining them. In fact, I fell a strange impulse of utter fearlessness at that moment. I yelled with all my might, and when I discharged my pistol, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had subtracted one from the number of our enemies. And that was the last fight I had.

As I walked back to the tether I thought the matter over, and was not long in coming to a conclusion. In the first place there

was a party of Caffres upon the opposite side of the lake, and the very fact that they kept themselves concealed was proof enough that they meant mischief. What was to be done?

In the judgment of the merchants I had little confidence. Father Ambrose, the elder of the two priests, was the man to advise with. I drew him apart, as though I wanted him to look at the oxen, and when we were far enough away, I told him what I had seen. He was very thoughtful, but I did not seem to be frightened, and I soon found that he knew as much of the Caffres as I did. He told me to wait while he went down to the water, and not to speak of the matter to any of the others. He went to his pack and took out an old shirt, which he carried down to the water to wash. He worked away as long as he thought necessary, and then he came back and joined me again.

"You are right," said he to me. "There are Caffres men hidden beyond the lake, and I have seen some of them. They are warlike, and are of a savage tribe, and I know that they mean to attack us. How can we shake them off?"

"There can be no use in fleeing," he continued, "for they would surely overtake us. We might, possibly, save ourselves by leaving all our property behind, but we must not do that," he said.

And then he asked me what I thought.

I told him that we had got to meet the Caffres at some time, and I thought we had better do it now, while we had warning of the coming.

He thought me by many of them, he said, "you would have attacked us ere this. They mean to set upon us by night."

Of course this seemed reasonable, though I had not myself thought of it before. After consulting awhile longer, Father Anselmo was called in. He trembled when he heard the news, but said he was ready to do his part.

"I am bound to many of them," he said, "you would have attacked us ere this. They mean to set upon us by night."

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The four merchants were anxious for their supper, and called upon the priests to hurry up. The cloth was spread by the side of some bushes, and while the others were eating, Father Ambrose directed me to see that every piece of firearms was carefully loaded. We had arms enough—as many as we could possibly use, and when I had seen that they were all ready, I went back to the eating cloth, where I found the old priest just explaining to the merchants what had been discovered. At first, three of them were for instant flight, but Don Gomez soon put that idea out of their heads. We examined the pattern, having used it, and then it was evident that it was wash goods it sounded well.

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NINON.

into that country; and it was finally arranged that we should make a bold fight of it under the lead of Don Gomez. The two remaining Hottentot servants were given over to us, and I easily persuaded them to stand by us. Their first inclination was to make off, but when I intimated to them that they would get a bullet in the back if they turned to leave us, they thought it best to remain.

From this landing in America, to the time of its setting out for Peru, fourteen years elapsed, during which he was employed in whatever there was most of difficulty or peril. Having done good service with Columbus in Hispaniola, he took part in the conquest and exploration of Cuba. Under Balboa he climbed the mountain of the Isthmus of Darien, and was with him when first he beheld the Pacific Ocean, and ran down into its waters exulting, and taking possession of it in the name of the King of Spain. He assisted in the conquest of the Indians, and in the foundation of the city of Panama.

In 1524, Pizarro was residing at Panama, a bronzed and battered warrior, fifty years of age, retired from the service, cultivating, with the aid of a few slaves, a small plantation. After so many years of hard service, he was still far from rich. There was also living at Panama another soldier of fortune, Diego Almagro, a tall, older, and not much richer, than Pizarro; likewise, Fernando de Luques, an aged priest and schoolmaster, who was a man of considerable wealth. These three men, the youngest of whom was Almagro, conceived the project of conquering the powerful and wealthy tribes that were supposed to inhabit the western coast of South America.

The confederates bought a ship, and enrolled a hundred and fourteen men, Pizarro at the helm, and ran down the coast for some hundreds of miles; landed, now and then; ascended some rivers; had a fierce conflict with natives, in which he was beaten with clubs and stones, and suffered extremely from hunger, bad food, ceaseless rains, fatigue and wounds; and, after three months of hardship, and dashed towards the spot where our packs were piled up.

The thickets in which we were posted was upon one side of the opening, and about twenty yards from the pack. As the shout of the Caffres broke upon the air, Don Gomez gave the word for us to fire. We poured in a well-directed volley upon the marauders, and they stopped in their headlong course, and their war shouts were changed to yells and groans of surprise and pain. Before they could fairly make up their minds upon this unexpected turn of affairs, we had aimed our second lot of rifles, and another volley was fired. I saw, when the smoke cleared, the first time, that the Caffres had fallen; but I knew that this second discharge must have taken down more of them. The merchants, who had the double-barrelled rifles, fired four shots at random, for the smoke from our second discharge lay thick upon the earth for some time, entirely shutting out our enemy.

Joined there by Almagro, with sixty-four men, he resumed his attempt to get footing upon the mainland. Some slight success cheered his men at length; for, in a village which they surprised, they found a supply of provisions, and a large quantity of gold. But this good fortune only lured them on to new fatigues, and brought upon them suffering beyond mortal power to endure. When one hundred and forty-one men, out of one hundred and seventy-eight, had sunk under fatigue, privation, and the rest of misfortune, Pizarro sent out a second discharge, and the rest were driven to the sea.

Pizarro would not consent. He calmed the discontent of his men, and sent Almagro back to Panama for reinforcements.

The tale of the sufferings of the adventurers had such an effect at Panama, that Almagro could only induce eight recruits to follow him.

Strengthened by this body, Pizarro renewed his endeavors, and, at length, reached the feebly and populous empire of Peru. Every inhabitant wore ornaments of gold, and vessels of the precious metals were seen in every house.

The Spaniards, inflamed at the sight of the treasures, attacked the Peruvian army, but, after several severe and disastrous encounters, Pizarro perceived that a country inhabited by millions of people, and defended by disciplined armies, could not be conquered by a hundred men. Again he withdrew to an island on the coast, and again sent Almagro to Panama for more recruits.

But now the Governor of Panama interfered. The great quantity of gold exhibited by Almagro could not shake his determination to order Pizarro home; and, accordingly, Almagro returned, bearing an order to Pizarro to abandon the enterprise.

On receiving this order, Pizarro refused to obey it. A tumult arose. His followers ran down to the ship, and demanded to be conveyed to Panama. Pizarro joined them, gathered them around him, and drawing a line in the sand with his sword addressed them thus:

"Courage, on that side," pointing to the south, "are toll, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, battle and death. On this side," pointing to the north, "are ease and safety. But on that side lies Peru, with its wealth. On this side is Panama, and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best he can for his soul to be."

Pizarro said these words, he stepped to the southern side of the line, and there stood silent eyeing the homebound crowd. Twelve soldiers, one priest, and one muleteer, joined him. The rest went on board the